

NATIONAL  
**SPOTLiTE**

FINAL  
EDITION

25¢

VOL. 5 — NO. 30

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Standard

SEPTEMBER 22, 1969

LORI  
LANO

# Teenyboppers Make Better Prosties!

**ACAPULCO**  
**Sex-Sin**  
**Capital**  
**Of U.S.**  
**Sailors**

**F.B.I. EXPOSES PLOT TO  
ASSASSINATE POP STARS**





# This Week In the Spotlight...

## IGNORANCE

*There is absolutely no reason in this day and age why anybody should not know what is going on around him.*

*Ignorance is undoubtedly the worst crime — because it is the crime that causes the most deaths.*

*Ignorance is what allows politicians and businessmen to start wars so that they can get richer on the blood of humans.*

*Ignorance is what prevents human beings finding their way out of the morass of prejudice and hate that they wallow in every minute of their lives.*



*Ignorance causes the tragedy of war*

Let's consider one form of ignorance that touches every human being — the ignorance about ourselves.

The human body is the one thing that every human being has from the second he's born to the second he dies. And yet, in this age of moon explorations and of ABM missiles costing several billions of dollars, we still don't know anything about the human body.

Another absurdity that we are forced to live through every day of the week is the fact of starvation.

In the United States today, there are an incredible number of experts on efficiency, mass transportation, economics, science, and what have you.

Somehow, though, these people are unable to change the system of the world that allows one nation to send a rocket to the moon while another nation starves to death.

Isn't it time that we stopped wasting money on splashy projects and get the

nitty gritty things accomplished?

The universe will always be there. In fact, the universe will be around long after humanity has signed its own death warrant.

Because of ignorance, the world is trapped in the kill or be killed syndrome. All of that is so completely unnecessary that it makes us want to run for the bathroom every time we think about it.

The facts of the matter are: There is more than enough for everybody in the world. There is food aplenty if governments don't hoard it up to waste, or destroy it, as the wealthy governments of the world do now.

Not one person need feel hunger anymore. And contrary to what everybody has been saying lately, there is enough in the world to go around even if the population tripled.

But what this would mean is that some people couldn't hoard things that are useful for other people.

The death of the human race will not be communism or fascism, racism or equality — no, it will be ignorance and nothing more.

# OUR VIEWPOINT

## Get Sex Into Schools

Anyone who thinks our children don't need schools to give them a sex education only has to take a look at the skyrocketing figures for rape, perversion, and child molesting to be convinced different.

Obviously we have failed our children somewhere, and that was in letting them pick their sex up from the gutters.

Some parents did their duty to inform their youngsters, but since the overwhelming majority were too shy or too stupid we've raised a generation of sexual deviates.

Let's not make the same mistake with those children who can still be saved.

Many responsible parents are hesitant about supporting sex education because they are afraid of a stranger telling their little boys and girls what it's all about. But we disagree.

Who could be more qualified to make a child understand than a fully trained and competent social counselor? Surely this is better than learning from some bigmouthed kid who lives around the corner.

It is a proven fact that one of the reasons that child molesters attack innocent little children is that they were never given a chance to discover what it was all about when they were young.

Competent authorities predict that rape will go down tremendously, and child molesting will virtually be nonexistent if we initiate sex education in our school systems.

Support sex education! Your child's morality depends on it.

## It's Not Pleasant to Be Plump

When a person was overweight several years ago we'd call him pleasantly plump and that would be that.

But today it is almost a crime to be overweight. Fashion styles are all designed to be worn by slim males and females.

The result of this has been one of the biggest neuroses to ever confront America.

Diet pills, diet foods, diet restaurants abound everywhere. If you don't belong to W.W. (Weight Watchers) then you've got to go to a Fat Farm to lose those excess pounds.

One out of every five books concerns itself with obesity and nothing is more fashionable than trying out the various remedies they prescribe.

So frustrated overweight individuals try all these things, usually without any medical consultation. The results can be disastrous.

There have been untold cases of near poisonings, resulting from overdoses of diet pills, as well as serious illness from incorrect diet procedure.

The results, however, can be mental as well as physical. Already in America in the last decade there has been a pronounced upswing in suicides by obese people for the mere reason that they were fat.

It is quite true that obesity is dangerous. It can hamper the workings of the heart and other vital organs. It can interfere with the proper maintenance of the circulatory system.

Obesity is a matter of health, and not of vanity. Wipe out obesity, yes. But not at this price.



## Mini-Martyrs

Patrick Henry said, "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

But our young radicals today seem to say, "Give me both!"

Why do they insist on being martyrs! Because putting your life on the line never really changed anything! — T.R.B.; Detroit, Mich.

## Pinko Publicity

I think it's about time that the news media lay off all the publicity unpatriotic pinkos are getting these days every time one of those gang leaders gets up to tell us about the latest incidents of "police brutality".

It's the job of our law enforcers to enforce the laws, even if it is being broken by rich liberals and their communist supporters.

All those decent, honest and hard-working Americans who don't agree with the prejudices of long-haired journalists should stand up and be counted.

Stop buying pinko publications! If the snob newspapers coming out of New York aren't telling the truth as we see it, we should stop paying our hard-earned money to finance their lies.

It's time we put God, country and honor back into the moral creed of American men. — R.L.S.; Nantucket, Mass.

## More Healthy Sex

In my day you never heard so much about queers and other pervers. It seems to me that the more people talk about it the more others get the idea to try it.

I don't know where it's going to end, but I don't think it's wholesome.

Why can't a healthy man be satisfied with a healthy woman? Nothing seems simpler to me, or more fun.

I don't know about queers, but I can't find anything on a male that could set me off.

I'm no longer young, but some of the gorgeous chicks you show in your spreads still set me thinking. — C.C.; Rochester, N.Y.

## Pigeon Dirt

It's about time we stomped out the pigeon vermin that are allowed to deposit their diseased wastes on top of us. If scientists had their way, these rats of city skies would long ago have been poisoned and exterminated.

The only reason scientists are not allowed to do this is because of little old ladies who want something to feed while wasting their days away on park benches.

There is proof that the dirt they drop from wherever they sit is dangerous to man's health, and yet, the persistent bickering of a few little old ladies is enough to scare our politicians from attacking this problem with all the urgency with which it should be treated.

Pigeons are a dirty gray inside and out. We should get rid of them before they multiply to such numbers that they threaten to spread epidemics and diseases, killing mankind! — B.G.; San Francisco, Calif.

## NATIONAL SPOTLIGHT

Vol. 5 — No. 30  
September 22, 1969

Published weekly by Beta Publications Ltd., with editorial and executive offices at 234 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 1001; and at 1440 St. Catherine St., Montreal, Canada.

Second Class Mail Registration Number 1564

PRINTED IN CANADA



# Beware of Jailbait Junction

by ABE GILLESPIE

Sunset Strip is a place where, at one time, the Beautiful People gathered to exchange love and peace.

But the local L.A. club owners got the police to kick the flower children off the Strip, claiming they were bad for business.

Today, two years after the Strip's golden era, a different type of action takes place. Girls in leather pants and too much makeup hang out on the street corners, and for the right price a man can get himself a gorgeous hump of female for the night.

What makes these painted hookers different is their age. L.A.'s Sunset Strip is now known as Jailbait Junction, for the mini-whores are 16 AT THE OLDEST, AND SOME OF THEM ARE ONLY 12!



**Teeny Wanda Waily** sexes witless males, then gets them busted for statutory rape



"I lived on the Strip for three months and made \$11,000," claims Wanda Waily, now 17 years old — and looking 30.

"My prices started at 50 bucks — that was just for a straight 15-minute romp — and then I'd be back on the street again.

"But the best customers were the ones who'd take me for the whole night. I had to do a lot of sickening things to earn my money, but it was worth it for the kicks, you know?"

Wanda was picked up nude and bleeding after she had been beaten and repeatedly raped by three Dallas millionaires, then turned loose in Los Angeles' Pico Parc district. She had tried to blackmail the wealthy trio into giving her some \$2,000 for an abortion, and they had practically destroyed her.

"I got their names and IDs, though," she triumphantly told police. "You can go get 'em!"

Each of those men is now facing charges ranging from rape to attempted murder to unnatural acts committed with a minor. Their lives and careers are, of course, ruined.

The girls who infest Sunset Strip are all pretty much like Wanda — beautiful, sexy, teenaged and expensive, with a passion for fast living and big trouble.

"These kids are always in hot water," said Police Lieutenant Jim Keel, 45. "They

run away from home, get into the street trade, and think they're being glamorous by going to bed with men for money.

"Instead, they don't eat properly, catch VD, get pregnant, and try to con the men who ball them into giving them extra money."

The official reports indicate that there are perhaps 300 of these hard-core jailbaiters patrolling the strip nightly, and not one of them has yet seen her 17th birthday.

They all dress in silk or leather, and wear gobs of makeup to look older. With cigarettes in their mouths,

they case the cars rolling slowly by their corner, and make lewd propositions to the passengers.

"Hey, buddy, how 'bout a little diddle."

"Get it from me, man, and you'll never forget it!"

The men, many of them out-of-town tourists gawking at the big city, are ready to accept. The child becomes the property of the man for 15 minutes, an hour, or a night.

"Some of the Johns don't want anything but some feelies in the back seat," says Wanda disdainfully. "I didn't even bother with that

type — I like men with staying power. Then, if the guy seemed like the weak or unsure type, I'd let him do what he wanted to me like I was a virgin."

It's really hard to tell who is getting the worst of the bargain — the suckers — or the girls. But the whole slimy mess is one which all our readers would be well-advised to completely avoid.

The nymphets continue to run wild, though, on Sunset Strip. Each one of them is a walking jail sentence for any man who gets involved; so steer clear of JAILBAIT JUNCTION!



## Where Mini-Gals Peddle Mischief!

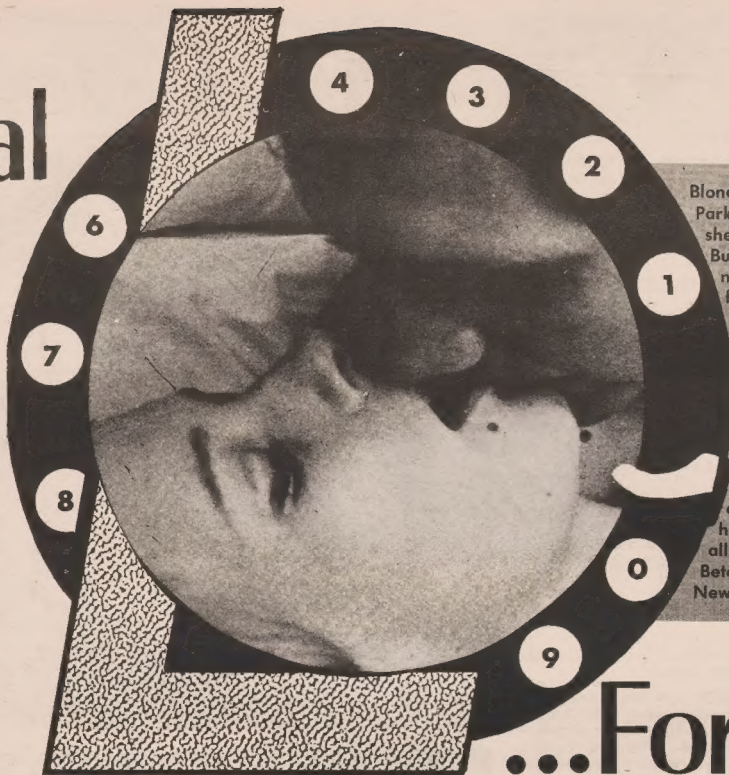


Mini-skirted nymphettes like the specimens on this page earn their keep by cruising Sunset Strip and making love in cars





# Dial



Blonde, beautiful and sexy, Loretta Parks, 23, loves love so much that she makes her living as a call girl. But she also hops into bed for nothing, if she likes the lucky fellow. Loretta's made love with some of the most famous men in the world, people who will blush when they read Loretta's intimate column. Miss Parks will also answer any questions about sex, men and her profession. Because she's an expert on lovemaking, she is uniquely qualified to give anybody help they might need. Address all letters to: Loretta Parks, c/o Beta Publications, 234 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001.

Reagan and Louisa, the pair who were holding me prisoner until they decided to kill me, told me to go upstairs.

"You take her up, Reagan," Louisa said, "while I fix her and us another drink."

"Certainly," Reagan grunted, but the ideas in his head were all too obvious.

"Oh, by the way," Louisa called, "don't get any funny ideas. I get first turn."

Reagan bit his lip, and his face flushed.

He motioned me up the stairs, and followed shortly behind. I put a huge sway into my ass, and even managed a fake stumble so that he could see right up my skirt to where my panties cut off the view.

When we got to the master bedroom, he told me to sit on the triple-sized bed.

"Reagan," I said, licking my lips slowly, letting my tongue move in and out of my mouth, "you look like a real tough guy. I bet you could give a gal the time of her life once you got between the sheets with her."

He blushed slightly, his eyes fixing themselves on my breasts, which had become slightly exposed due to the stumble I had taken on the stairs.

"When I was a prostitute," I said, "I got to know the studs from the babies just by looking at them."

"I didn't have to get into bed with them to know whether the action they were capable of was good or bad."

"And I can tell, Reagan, I can really tell that you would have me climbing walls."

He was falling for it hook, line, and sinker.

"Look, if I promise that I won't try any funny stuff, will you love me now?"

He stared at me, swallow hard.

I unbuttoned my blouse, letting it fall open. Reaching behind my back, I undid my bra, but didn't pull it down. It just hung there, perched on my nipples. When I stood up, it finally came free, and dropped to the floor.

He put his gun down and stood up, but he couldn't stand up very straight, since he was so excited and his trousers were too tight.

"C'mon, Reagan," I cajoled him. "Give me some of that kinky British loving I've been hearing so much about."

He moved over to me, putting his arms around me, kissing me and pressing his throbbing groin against my belly.

"Oh, Reagan," I gasped, melting in his arms. "How I've longed for a man, a real man."

His hands fumbled down to the zipper on my skirt, releasing it to fall freely down to the floor. Now there were only my panties between me and nakedness.

I ran my hands under Reagan's jacket, up his chest, under his armpits, over his back, pulling him close to me,

room, Louisa? I'm in perfect control of the situation."

"I'm sure you are," she snapped again, her lips compressed. But her eyes were taking me in, at the same time.

"Reagan," she said, her voice softening a bit, "didn't I tell you to hold on till I had my turn?"

"You always get first go at everything," he mumbled, a trace of a whine in his voice.

"Certainly," Louisa said, "but that's only because I'm in charge of this particular control group."

thighs. Louisa couldn't see it, but it sure was having one hell of an effect on Reagan's manhood.

"Oh, hell," he yelled in desperation, "I don't give a damn about your reports. Report away, but leave me in peace for a while."

Louisa shrugged, knowing when she shouldn't push it. But she couldn't resist saying, "Well, it's your neck," as she left the room.

Reagan moaned softly then, especially when I tugged his underpants down past his knees to his ankles,

But when he went to get up, I whispered, "No, stick around for seconds. It's always better."

He smiled weakly, and lay back. I went to work on him, trying to get him aroused as quickly as I could. I wanted to make sure that Louisa would be going nuts with lust outside the door. She was probably watching us through the keyhole, anyway.

When he was ready, I urged him onto me again, and he had just settled in when Louisa barged in again.

"Reagan," she sighed, "are you still at it?"

## ...For Love

### A CALL GIRL'S INTIMATE CONFESSIONS...

## ... I Tease to Kill Time

pressing my pelvis tight against his leg, which was now forcing its way up between mine.

His breath was roaring in my ear, and his hands were fumbling all over me, touching my breasts, slipping down between my legs. There was so much for him to play with that he didn't know where to begin.

I got him to take a break to slip out of his jacket and shirt, which I had unbuttoned.

And he had just unzipped his trousers, letting them start to fall, when Louisa opened the door and interrupted the scene.

"Reagan!" she snapped. "You couldn't wait, could you?"

He groaned something, swung around, and said, "Would you mind leaving the

I sat down on the bed, still holding onto Reagan's hand, fondling it, and bringing it up to my lips for soft kisses and tongue licks.

"Reagan," she started to continue.

"Listen, Louisa," he interrupted, "I don't give a damn whether or not you are in charge. The point is, I happen to be about to be engaged in carnal relations with Loretta here, and if you wouldn't mind—"

"Well, I do mind, Reagan," she said crisply. "I mind very much, because this means you aren't obeying orders, and that might mean a report to the head of the area, and you know what that will mean."

I moved my mouth up to Reagan's wrists, nibbling on his veins. My free hand meanwhile was busy tickling the insides of his

waiting for him to raise his foot so that I could scoop them up and throw them on the chair opposite us.

"Now, Reagan," I moaned, pressing my face against his flabby stomach.

He put his hands on my shoulders and pushed me back on the bed, falling on top of me.

Fumblingly, he entered me, moving slowly and hesitantly, as if he were still a virgin.

I gave him a good wrench by rotating my pelvis, making him gasp with the sudden shock of it.

"How's that?" I whispered in his ear.

He mumbled something, concentrating on his loving.

It didn't last long. He hadn't had sex for such a long time that he just shot the works a minute after he started.

I let out a long moan at this point, closing my eyes and throwing my head back.

Reagan decided to be really manly and he gave me a hard thrust.

"Louisa," he grunted right in the middle of it, "do you mind?"

"Yes," she snapped.

I opened my eyes and turned my head to look at her.

"Why don't you join in the fun?" I suggested.

This caused Reagan to twitch, which made me give him another phony moan.

Louisa's face broke into smiles.

"Yes, that would be rather a good idea, don't you think, Reagan?"

He grunted something that sounded obscene to me, but obviously not to her.



# ACAPULCO

## Passion Paradise of the Navy

by MICHAEL MATEOS

The U.S. fighting man isn't doing much fighting these days, aside from the war in Vietnam.

In fact, being in the service anywhere in the world but Asia looks like a lot of fun.

SPOTLITE learned that the U.S. Navy has a reputation of being where the action is, and on a tip from one of our correspondents, we sent our reporter to Acapulco, Mexico, a fun and sun spa with the hottest women in the world.

As a matter of fact, Acapulco is one of the sailors' favorite ports of call, and the reasons are obvious.

The swabbies would rather make love than war!

The sailor's favorite shore activity is getting sopping drunk and having a wild party with as many women as he can afford.

La Huerta, Acapulco's most popular bar-brothel, is just the place to do it in. Located in the poor section of the town, La Huerta is at the end of a 600-foot strip of bars, gambling halls, and whore-houses.

Nowhere, though, are the women as torrid or the atmosphere so abandoned as at La Huerta (which means fruit garden).

As soon as the liberty boat hits the dock, the white-clothed sailors are on their way to the low-down, friendly dive where the price of tequila is only 50 cents, and a woman costs no more than 10 bucks.

Strictly speaking, naval vessels are only required to pay infrequent courtesy calls to such neutral ports as Acapulco, but in recent months the number of shakedown cruises, training exercises and the like, which have put naval vessels near Acapulco, has increased amazingly.

But sailors aren't objecting, even though Acapulco has a reputation for being one of the roughest ports in the world.

"Hell, I'd rather go to Acapulco than Singapore," said a husky midshipman as he staggered back aboard ship.



*Brown-skinned Acapulco chicks have been giving our boys whole tenderloins of love*

"Those broads really knocked me out!"

The main nightclub section of Acapulco, in the richer part of town, has been the recent scene of many murders, rapes, and muggings.

It's so bad that even the townspeople themselves do

not venture out alone after dark.

But the U.S. sailors will be living it up at La Huerta, where the action is fast and the hostility is low.

"Who cares about war and hate when all this is here for the plucking?" roared a

drunken marine with a flower behind his ear and a sloe-eyed senorita on his arm.

"Those other nightclubs uptown are just a bunch of clip joints. You walk in and pay a cover charge and two bucks for a watered-down glass of Scotch.

"Then some phony broad comes up to you and puts her hand you-know-where, and gets you so excited you don't even realize that some thug behind you is grabbing your wallet.

"Or if they can't roll you that way, they'll slip a mickey into your drink and knock you cold. Then you'll be lucky if you don't get your throat cut on general principles."

Many U.S. citizens have the mistaken idea that life in the service is a rugged one, but these pictures disprove it.

When the music is loudest and the jungle fever gets into the women, they strip off their blouses and display their breasts to the carousing sailors.

The beat of the music is sultry, and it isn't too long before the sailors will have paired off with the girls and headed out to the back bedrooms, where passionate moans are the only sounds to be heard.

Most sailors spend their entire 72-hour liberty periods at La Huerta, and drag themselves back aboard ship just in time to sail.

So don't think that our boys are having a hard time of it while they're in the service. The truth of the matter is — they're loving every minute of it!

## —Where U.S. Sailors Make Love Not War



*"Who cares about war when this is here for the plucking?"*



# Police Track Down Mystery Spanker!



Wilson girl (l) was the last victim of mad spanker Mike Bradford (r)

Suburban Chicago has been suffering a rash of sex spankings. Young Mike Bradford, 24, of Winnetka, was out to have some fun.

Little girls coming home from school were stopped by Bradford and in a playful approach he would swat them on the behind.

But some of the girls noticed that he liked to play around back there a little too long. So the police started getting complaints.

After many attempts they finally caught Bradford in the act. This time he had the little girl's pants down!

## Would You Believe?

...Most people think of motorcycle gang members as being tough, greasy, filthy monsters who love riding around the countryside beating the stuffings out of innocent people and raping women between the ages of 6 and 60.

Unfortunately, they are right for the most part. But even cycle-riding weirdos have a few human traits in

their systems, and that's why the Devil's Destroyers, a ferocious gang that rides around Chicago, have adopted a grandmother as their mascot and riding companion.

The oldest Devil's Destroyer is Mrs. Gladys Forrest, 79 years old. She knows almost everything there is to know about motorbikes, and whenever the boys go for a ride, she comes along on her stripped-down Harley Davidson.

"Society might condemn them and me for what I do," Mrs. Forrest said, "but I don't give a damn."

"As far as I'm concerned, the only time society can start condemning me and the boys is when they straighten out the mess they've brought this country into."

"Besides, this is a hell of a lot more fun than sitting around waiting for my old age pension to arrive late in the mail!"

...And then there was the kid in New York City who bought his gal a pair of transparent panties.

Every night, Jake Eiler, 24, and his gal, Susie Blake, 20, came home from the office. Then Susie changed into her transparent panties and they'd sit down in front of the television.

While her eyes bulged at the sight of the murder and mayhem on the screen, his loins bulged with the sight of her nude flesh crawling and squirming.

"I just can't help myself," he sobbed.

"I never hurt one of those lovely girls. I never spanked them hard. All I needed was a bit of contact on my hand. That made me feel good."

"They'll probably lock me up. Then what can I do? Try to spank the nurses? I know I won't be able to stop."

"But they all don't care what happens to me. They just want to hide the bottoms of their kids."

It has been decided that Bradford will have to go for psychiatric treatment. His spanking days are over, if the police have anything to say about it.



Gladys Forrest



Susie Blake

"It's hard for me to believe that a young man would want to corrupt a child," said Mrs. Wilson, mother of one of the girls. "But this man actually tried to tamper with my little girl."

"I wouldn't say he was after her virginity. He just liked to touch her private parts. He's a filthy beast!"

So Mrs. Wilson filed a complaint with the police. They were already on the lookout for this mystery spanker. Nobody knew his name.

"But we found the pervert. He went back to the same school area once too often," said Police Sergeant Brady.

"It was disgusting to see the way he behaved. We had to catch him in the act. So we watched him go after one little girl."

"First he offered her some candy. Then he teased her."

"When he saw her laugh he called her a naughty girl and swatted her."

"This went on and Bradford got more and more excited. We caught him just as he reached his climax."

The problem that faces the police is that they can't pin anything serious on Bradford. There can be no charge of rape or any other sexual offense.

"We hope we can talk him into committing himself," said the police sergeant. "He really should be in an institution. He's a real mental case."

The parents of the molested girls won't be satisfied with less than justice. They want their daughters protected.

"If they can't stick him with a heavy rap, they'd better lock him up as a kook," said Mr. Wilson. "My daughter has been used for his sex fun!"

Bradford was finally allowed to make a statement to the public. His hands shook as he spoke.

"I just can't help myself," he sobbed.

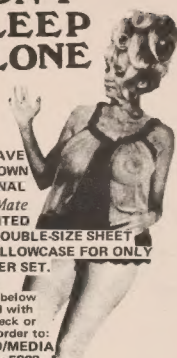
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# I Get My Kicks With a Camera

## Claims Renee Ransom

by BILL LEE

"Nothing can turn me on like watching a couple in a romp.

"And the more homey the couple, the more I enjoy watching them perform.

"Sometimes I get so hot I feel like I have to leave the room.

"But then, I guess I've always enjoyed watching sex. It's a habit I picked up as a kid, spying on my mother and father."

Shocking words? They're coming from the luscious mouth of buxom Renee Ransom, and not only is Renee buxom, she's an accomplished amateur photographer as well.

"I learned how to take pictures only because it would help me to film my kind of sex for kicks," Renee said in her cozy apartment.

"With a camera there; I can go home, roll up and watch it all over. It's not as good as seeing the real thing, but on lonely nights it's something to look forward to.

"I guess it's the thought of it," she said. "to think that I can go home to see the thing all over, from beginning to end, that gets me.

She was sitting across from me curled up on the sofa. Her robe hardly concealed the bountiful delights underneath.

"It all started when I was a little girl," she continued. "I used to go into my parents' bedroom before going to bed. They were always up, smoking or talking to each other.

"Well, one day, I walked in to say good night as usual when I saw my father on top of my mother just going at it. I'd never seen two people making love before.

"So for about 15 minutes I just stayed in the doorway and stared.

"I liked what they were doing, and I started getting funny feelings all over.

"Suddenly Father turned

around and saw me. He took me aside and told me never to do that again.

"Even though I heard them bumping in the room next to me, I didn't try to sneak another look for a long time. But when I did, I knew what I was looking for and how to hide.

"As I grew into a woman, this was the only sexual

recreation I had for a long time.

"But after I came to New York and started being with the guys I forgot all about my Peeping-Tom days. Sexing was new to me and made a hell of a lot more sense but I still had the urge to have a glimpse of somebody else romping.

"I got back to eyeing the balling after I went to a New York stag party, where a girlfriend and I were the only gals. I watched my friend accommodate and all the old thrills of peeping came back. I decided then and there that I'd give it another try.

"I started taking pictures right away. At first it was something to do while the people in the bed had their hands full, but it soon became a very important part of the excitement.

"It wouldn't be the same now without the camera.

"Besides, my home movies are something else.

"Sometimes I'll suggest taking a film of a couple that I know would look good on film. Usually they're friends. I almost never have to pay to get somebody to pose. But if I had to, I guess I would. It means a lot to me."

"Have you ever had somebody film you in bed with a man?" I asked.

"Oh yes, but I only started recently because the idea never occurred to me until somebody suggested it. It's very exciting to watch yourself, you know. It's something like being in a room full of mirrors.

"Since the films are only meant for my friends and me, I get a great charge sometimes when I catch one of them without their knowing. When the film is developed then, I get even more of a charge out of showing it to the whole group in the middle of a party. Sometimes it sets off a chain reaction that would need a film crew to cover!

"I get the greatest kicks that way. Man, that's MY dream party. Fifteen couples all doing it at once. Wherever I look, legs, thighs, faces of sweet agony. Then I only wish that I had a sound camera to capture the moans that go with the faces.

"It's great to be with the people you like then, everybody doing their thing.

"I pity anybody who hasn't turned on to peeping, especially with a camera," Renee concluded.

"There are millions of things to learn, if you only keep your eyes open!"

## Where The Action Is

In most cities in the world you have to pay for play with prosties, but not in Cairo, Egypt.

There you trade with the tramps, everything from used nylons to stained ties.

This practice began a year after the Six Day War was fought, a period which finds Egyptians less and less able to afford foreign goods.

So prosties are taking advantage of the situation by picking up trinkets from Johns and selling them for twice what they would have made for their trick in cash.

The latest bargain heard: a full orgy, complete with two dancing girls, for a tweed suit, used.

The city of Tuilly in France is famous for its grape-growing territory, but it is even more famous for something else.

Before each harvest season, the town stages an all-out orgy to help the grapes grow!

The practice was started 300 years ago by the Duke of Tuilly after he had suffered five straight years of bad crops.

Needless to say, it worked, and the city hasn't looked back since.

Tourists are welcome to join in the festivities but only under the condition that they participate as fully as the natives.

Otherwise, bad luck could easily befall the crops.

Many a man receives a lock of hair from a woman, but few, like the men in Barcelona, Spain.

In that town it is customary for the men to receive a lock of pubic hair!

The age-old custom even applies to tourists who visit Barcelona and the many brothels and strip joints in it.

For an extra small fee (the equivalent of less than \$4) any man can personally snip off a lock from his prostie's full growth.

The pubic price for strippers is somewhat higher (up to \$35) due to the low supply of that much-in-demand product.





# Hold On! I'm Coming!



Actress Senta Berger takes in some cool spray just before sliding her luscious body into the swimming pool.

"I'm not one to jump in immediately," says Senta with a coy smile. "I like to take off slowly and cool off along the way.

"And then, once you're in, it's ever so much pleasanter, isn't it? Haste makes waste, you know."

It certainly does, and Senta can afford to take her time in anything she does, work or play.

With her dynamite-packed 38-25-36 body, she's one of the most sought-after sex symbols in Hollywood land today.

So anytime Senta wants to jump in, she can take off at any speed she likes, and she won't be the only one with goose pimples up her spine.



# Girl Is Attacked By Male Ghost



Galleytown Castle is haunt of long-dead Sir Henry Calder — best lover in whole world

by PETER WELLES  
Some people believe in ghosts and some people don't. And then there are the ones who didn't before but do now.

Freida Moddettson, 21, of Cleveland, Ohio, is one of these and she should know.

She claims she was actually raped by one!

"It was the most terrifying and at the same time thrilling experience of my life," the attractive blonde told SPOTLITE.

"I only wish that someday I'll have the guts to go through it again."

The eerie event took place recently while Freida and two school chums, Linda Pierre, 21, and Janice Paul, 20, were vacationing through Great Britain.

"They have a lot of old castles there and each one of them has its own ghost haunting it," Freida explained, "but, of course, I didn't believe in ghosts then."

"So naturally I convinced Linda and Janice to go to the scariest one of all—the Castle at Galleytown."

According to legend, the last resident of the castle, Sir Henry Calder, died in 1613 at the age of 23 — while he was still a virgin.

Sir Henry has never been able to forgive himself for waiting that long for the girl who never came, and to make up for it, his ghost attacks any girl who enters his castle and stays for the night.

Throughout history there have been 43 instances of

girls who claimed to have been raped by him — and five of them became pregnant!

"I thought it was a lot of hogwash," Freida went on, "and the more Linda and Janice got scared of the whole thing the more determined I was to go through with it."

"I won out, though, and we all camped on the hard wooden floor upstairs."

"Linda and Janice were too terrified to sleep, but I

## —And She Loves Every Icy Minute

planned on getting my full 40 winks."

For half the night Freida did sleep well, and then the rumblings started.

"I still thought it was the wind or something," she continued, "but then I could sense something, moving towards me in the pitch-black darkness."

"It was like a white shadow in the night, and as it moved toward us the girls panicked and ran."

"But I couldn't. It was as if I was under a spell. All I

could do was lie there and tremble as it got closer and closer."

Freida was wearing a pair of heavy pajamas, but that didn't stop the lecherous ghost.

"Something cold — like a sponge — reached out and touched my thighs," she continued, "and then it started traveling all over my body."

"It went right through my PJs as if they didn't exist and fondled me slowly."

"I thought I was going to die from the icy fingers tickling my sensitive parts when all of a sudden I realized something."

"I was getting the greatest working over of my life!"

The ghost continued his fondling and exploring for well over an hour before the inevitable happened.

"Instead of just a part of my body feeling the cold I was completely covered by it," she went on.

"It was like being covered by a giant sponge, a giant pulsating sponge."

Freida claims she felt every part of the rape — from the moment the ghost entered to the point where he reached his climax.

"He almost turned luke-warm then," she explained, "but that couldn't calm me down."

"I was still at the heights of ecstasy that his expert body brought me to."



Freida, 21, claims the ghost sent shivers up her spine and palpitations down to her pelvis

"There's just no other way to describe it. That ghost is the best lover I've come across."

Janice and Linda aren't that impressed with Freida's enthusiasm, however.

They never plan to test a ghost's existence again.

"Seeing one in a lifetime is enough for us," they said. "We have plenty of time to be one after we're gone."

## Europe's Marilyn Monroe?



"She's got the blondest hair and the biggest, bustiest, most beautiful boobs since the Hollywood hey-days!" gasped critics at this year's Cannes Film Festival.

The object of their reverie is anatomy's greatest living showcase, Anne Marie Wilson.

Claiming that she's the best sight for sore eyes since Marilyn Monroe, gossip-columnists unite in praising her body, all 44-25-37 of it, in terms that would have done MM proud. They've even coupled her with MM's men.

"Anne Marie has taken to Arthur Miller like a pussy takes to catnip," quipped the *Dimanche Express*.



# The Plot That Almost Rocked the World!

The FBI has a reputation as one of the most efficient crime-fighting organizations the world has ever known. Their "Get-That-Criminal" policy is an established fact; and whatever the crime, the nation has always rested easy knowing that J. Edgar Hoover's hounds would track down the offenders.

But last week, for the first time in history, the FBI was too efficient. They rounded up the three top men in a kill-for-thrills club, and prevented untold death and mayhem.

Why too efficient? Because there are many people in America who would just as soon have let the thrill-killers go ahead and play their grisly games.

The reason for this is simple — the victims of the club were going to be the long-haired pop idols of rock and roll music!

by GRANT PRICE

**NATIONAL SPOTLITE** was shocked to learn of the grisly plot to do in these shouting, gyrating, freak-feeling music-makers. But the news had far-reaching effects all over the world, as people hotly jumped into the issue and took sides for and against the three international gangsters who masterminded the sadistic affair.

First on the list is Emmett Klegmetz, 54. A one-time plumber's assistant, he scaled the barricades of international crime years ago, and enclosed himself and his extortion empire behind an impenetrable wall of paid gunmen.

In 1964, he met two other men, and found that their interests were similar — namely, they all loved money. One man was George Sokice, a Magyar lunatic who was so fanatical about cleanliness that he changed his underwear every time he sneezed.

At 56, Sokice was known to his Middle European henchmen as a man for whom no torture was too brutal, and whose temper was always close to the boiling point.

The third man is an unidentified American billionaire, a more or less silent partner in the trio's huge and elaborate club, called, ironically, the Fraternity of Well-Wishers.

"The three men met secretly many times to determine how they could recruit members," said Lieutenant Jack McGee, a federal agent who posed as a potential club member.

"But it was in 1968 that they actually drew up a charter and started soliciting membership."

The response was enormous and instantaneous — from other members of the underworld. The trio had decided that what crime needed was a way to let off steam, without getting anyone worked up enough to want revenge.

"We decided we would offer to let people join the club," admitted disgruntled Klegmetz, for a basic fee of \$1,000.

"Then, under our supervision, we would allow the member to go out and bag himself a pop star, the same way other men go after bear or deer. The price for this would be determined by the star's popularity."

At first, the gang offered their clients only little-known stars in Central and Western

Europe. The businessmen-clients would have their choice of weapons, and the death, or 'hit', as it is called

in gangland parlance, was arranged according to a carefully-timed schedule.

"We were into an extremely

lucrative practice", said George Sokice, as he dragged coolly on a cigar. "Within a few months, we would have done the same world a great service by eliminating all of this so-called pop music."

"But those devilish watchdogs, the FBI, were tipped off by a dissatisfied customer, and here you see the result. It is unfortunate, actually, because now that my confederates and myself are safe behind bars, we hear that the public at large would rather have permitted our clients their fun, since we were in effect ridding the world of an unpleasant species of vermin!"

The pop stars, with all their money, long hair, and screaming fans, are indeed a source of constant worry to many parents and businessmen who view the rebels as a threat to the status quo.

"Not to mention the ear-drums!" groaned a prominent New York booking agent. "Why, those kids plug in their amps and turn up the volume past the threshold of pain, then play for hours on end. How anyone can stand it is beyond me."

"As far as I'm concerned," said another man, "the feds should have let those guys go ahead and run their club until there wasn't a rock musician left in the business."

"Then, they could have started in on the hippies and all the rest of those bearded, barefoot freaks. They're a health menace — that's what they are!"

One man who joined the



## FBI Exposes a Conspiracy To Assassinate Pop Stars

club was only too glad to inform SPOTLITE as to the details of the club's operation.

To protect his identity we'll call him John.

"I was approached by a man on a street in Paris," John recalls. "He said he had an offer to make. I thought he was just another con-man until I listened to his spiel, then I knew that he was onto something. He told me that

for a basic fee of \$1,000 I could join his club and bump off a pop star."

"Now, as it so happens, I've got a deathly hatred of all this loud, raucous music; so I said sure."

"I was well able to afford the thousand. Then he dragged out a list of all the available victims. Some of them I'd never heard of before, and the prices for them

were between \$300 and \$800."

"But the bigger names all cost thousands and thousands of dollars, and some of the biggest ones weren't on there at all. The Beatles, for example, and the Rolling Stones were not available, the man said."

John selected a particularly obnoxious singer, and Sokice arranged the whole murder.

"It was fantastically complex," said John afterwards. "They offered a range of techniques such as I wouldn't have thought possible. There was everything from the ordinary methods of shooting, knifing, strangling and drowning, all the way to the more cruel ways of doing a fellow in, such as the Log and Skin Method."

"Since I'm a marksman, I took a .30.06 rifle as my weapon, and on the appointed night I blew the top of that kid's head clean off, spattering blood all over the back of his hotel room."

All told, the Well-Wishers seem to have accounted for about 40 killings in the pop underground. It wasn't until a customer, who wanted to shoot Glenn Campbell, was turned down and went and complained to the police that the fantastic plot was blown sky high.

Sokice, Klegmetz, and the

American were promptly arrested, and their nefarious doings came to an end.

"Actually," said a spokesman for the FBI, "the number of deaths may be much higher — there are a lot of pop stars who die seemingly accidental deaths. These may or may not have been a result of a new

member of the Fraternity of Well-Wishers."

But in any case, the scions of pop may breathe easier once more, for in this great country even the dissenting minority receives protection from the police who have sworn to defend peace and liberty.



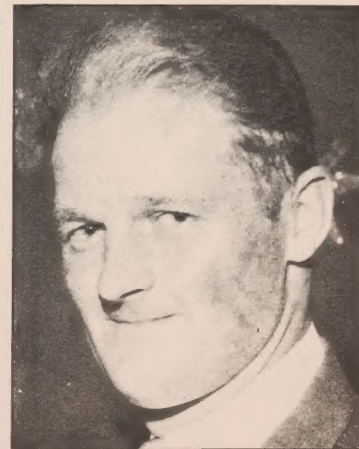
International hipster, John Lennon, was marked for death by the Well-Wishers



Glenn Campbell, not much of a pop star by any standards, brought about downfall of assassins



One-time plumber's assistant Emmett Klegmetz (l) and Magyar lunatic George Sokice (r) engineered fantastic assassination bureau in Central Europe, designed specifically to wipe 'long-haired scum' like the Union Gap (farr) off the globe



Wanton warbler Marianne Faithfull took overdose of sleeping pills last year. Why?



FBI agent claims murderous 'Fraternity of Well-Wishers' drove popsters to suicide



Beatle George Harrison has so far escaped mutilation by enemies





**CARMELLA**

**BUXOM BURLY BEAUTY:**

Carmella, who's billed as 'The Sophia Loren of Burlesque', is one of the 10 top strippers in the U.S. today. She's 5'5" tall, weighs 125 pounds and her measurements are a whopping 44-26-38!

Carmella was born and raised in Washington, D.C. Unlike many other strippers, Carmella never had dancing lessons when she was a kid.

At the age of 15 Carmella got a job as a hat check girl in the Blue Mirror in Washington. "It was then that I first realized I looked like Sophia Loren," Carmella says. "All the men told me that when they tried to pick me up." There were also several strippers at the Blue Mirror and Carmella spent a lot of time studying their acts.

Then a policewoman walked into the club and started checking her age. Carmella walked out the back door and never came back. She started looking for another job and decided she'd make a good stripper. Carmella went to an agent and lied about her age. When the agent got an eyeful of her twin 44s, he never doubted she was over 18 for a minute.

"I was really shy the first few times I stripped," Carmella confided. "But the more money I got the less shy I became." Since then Carmella has performed in every top

nightclub throughout the USA, Canada, Mexico, and South America.

Carmella's hobbies are cooking, fishing and sewing and beading gowns. She showed me one of her hand-beaded gowns which she says is worth \$1,500! Carmella plans to open up a costume shop in Washington within the next few months and, naturally, she'll feature her beaded gowns.



Winds ripped the top of the Musicarnival Tent where Ann Corio's 'This Was Burlesque' was playing before 2,500 people in Cleveland, Ohio. The show continued after repairs.



**LALINE FRANCIS**

**DISANDATA:**

When he isn't managing exotic star Syra, Billy Frick is an actor who specializes in Hitler parts. Right now he's co-starring with Sabrina in 'The Phantom Gunslinger', a comedy Western in which Frick does his Hitler bit as a frontier dictator complete with moustache.

The Encore Club in Rochester, N.Y., has a beautiful psychedelic show with six very attractive young go-go dancers. The club also features two different strippers every week. The girls strip to records. One of the acts, called Visual Illusion and made with two big screens and two slide projectors, is very unusual. It gives the illusion that the girl doing the act is completely nude. But, in fact, she's wearing a pair of flesh-colored panties and pasties. Definitely an act worth seeing.



**KATINA LA DOLL**



# A First for Wall Street:

## Company Has Nude Employee!

### 'The Office Was Never Like This'

When Jill McKay came to Hollyline Ltd., in New York City, she was hired to run a copy machine in a small room off the main work area.

Each morning she came to work dressed like everyone else. But when Jill disappeared into her little room, the office worker turned nudist.

**Jill was cranking her machine in the flesh!**



**Mrs. R. Doherty, 41, a co-worker, thinks Jill is shameless**

"The first time I saw Jill standing there without a stitch on her body, I thought I'd gone into the ladies' room by mistake," commented Jill's boss, Mr. Cavendish. "She had just run off the manager's report."

When her boss discovered her in the raw, Jill quickly crawled back into her clothes and continued cranking out her work. At any moment she expected the door to fly open and be told to get out.

But nothing happened. The door stayed shut and soon Jill had her clothes off again.

"My parents were both nudists," Jill commented later, unmoved by all the disturbance her nakedness was causing every time the copy room door opened. "I guess I have a yen for skin most people have for clothes."

"And you've got to be sick to think that a girl takes off her clothes just to turn people on. I wasn't bothering anyone! Besides I work better in the raw!" protested Jill.

But Mr. Cavendish thought differently. Jill was causing an uproar in the office every time somebody needed copies. The women tittered for hours and the men ran off to be alone for a few minutes in the bathroom!

"I told my secretary to tell Jill to get her clothes on and come in and talk to me. Mind you, I had let this go on now for two weeks," Mr. Cavendish related, tapping his pencil against his desk.

Jill came out of the meeting a victor. Her boss had listened to her arguments and decided that as long as Jill worked with the same efficiency and stood on the other side of the door she could keep her job.

Jill was a good worker. She got her job done and never complained. She actually convinced me of her co-workers' immaturity, but still I couldn't have a naked female body in clear view of the other people in the office. They'd never get their jobs done!

Mr. Cavendish's decision was the best one. If Jill stood on the other side of her machine, her body was invisible from the office. Only her ample buttocks protruded from the side of the machine.

"The men still got a lift out of my naked rear-in. But I fixed them," Jill sneered. "Whenever they came in, I refused to step out to meet them. Instead, I bent my neck a little and flashed a little of myself right in their sex-starved faces!"

The women in the office were at first outraged by Jill's behavior, but soon they took an interest in her rather strange manners. "I guess they'd never seen a nudist before," stated Jill with a bit of scorn.



**President of Hollyline Ltd., Bill Cavendish, handled the whole affair with discretion**



**Jill McKay is world's first nude office worker. Could this be start of a new fad?**

But the men still were spending far too much time in the bathroom, and Mr. Cavendish finally had to reprimand Jill for her unladylike behavior.

"Mr. Cavendish did have a point," confessed Jill reluctantly. "I wasn't hired to give peep shows to a bunch of middle-aged men."

The women in the office were at first outraged by Jill's behavior, but soon they took an interest in her rather strange manners.

"I guess they'd never seen a nudist before," stated Jill with a bit of scorn.

"Quite frankly," Jill continued. "I would have preferred to be in a nudist camp with other people who think like I do, but I didn't have the cash."

So Jill was forced to cover her body with clothes and work with dressed people until she got enough money to return to her camp.

"The copy job was perfect," related Jill with a chuckle. "I had a room to myself and I thought I'd be free to work as I liked."

"I knew I'd be caught eventually but I had no idea that I'd be allowed to keep my job."

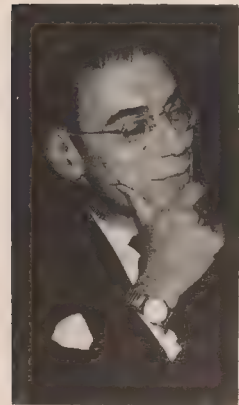
Mr. Cavendish had to fight a lot of opposition to keep Jill on the payroll. Resentment was strongest among the women in the office.

"She has no right to sneak into that little dark room and strip her clothes off. We know what she's after. I'd make my husband quit his job if a girl like her ever stepped into his office," commented one angry female secretary.

But the men in the office defended Jill against the rude comments of their female co-workers.

"Some offices have pictures hanging from the walls, or else they've got a few sexy broads who type in low-cut blouses. Look what we've got! A real live naked girl! Until Jill came along this office was as lively as a cemetery," joked a male office worker.

"We all think we're pretty lucky to have her."



**Thomas Halfern, 47, company accountant, says office is dull without Jill**



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Latin Americans recommend chili pepper for pepping up potency. Prison inmates use nutmeg for the same purpose. French, Italian and Spanish cookery is largely based on the ancient belief that spices act as sexual stimulants.

Certain anesthetics, such as chloroform, ether, ethyl chloride, and nitrous oxide ("laughing gas") can induce vivid erotic dreams, particularly intense in the case of women. More than one woman, on regaining consciousness, has accused her doctor or dentist of rape, or attempted rape. Because of this, it is common practice nowadays to administer anesthetics to women only in the presence of at least one witness.

Electric excitation is also common. Galvanic currents are used as electrotherapy but are dangerous when applied by incompetent laymen or quacks.

"Shunamitism" is a genuine sex-stimulating technique that dates back to King David. David was rejuvenated by lying with the virgin Abishag, a Shunamite. During the Middle Ages Shunamitism was commonly practiced — a young virgin being rented out to lie beside a man whose potency was failing.

Her "influence" would restore his sexual powers, though he was not supposed to test those powers on her. In 18th-Century Paris the old practice was revived, this time by unscrupulous madams who used "virgins" of doubtful repute.

Many people have the mistaken idea that alcohol is aphrodisiacal and can stimulate both sexes into total togetherness. Casanovas often maintain that the shortest distance between any given point and a boudoir is along the line that leads from the fourth martini to the bedroom door.

But with very few exceptions liquor is not an aphrodisiac. It does not excite nor stimulate sexual desire. It merely deadens, weakens or destroys inhibitions.

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## By Dr. Truman Ball

True, a girl who would not allow a guy to kiss her when she is sober will often trot meekly by his side to the bedroom after a few drinks. In any such case, however, the desire was already there. It was not kindled by liquor, which merely washed away the mental and "moral" restraints.

One important exception to that rule is the liquor known as "absinthe."

Absinthe is basically ani-

sette that has been laced with a powerful drug known as powdered wormwood. Absinthe is an aphrodisiac — and a very potent and dangerous one. The stuff can cause insanity or death. Hence, absinthe is outlawed in most civilized countries.

Liquor dealers and bartenders often attempt to foist off anisette or Pernod — both liquors made from anise — as drinks that have sex-stimulating qualities. This is

a downright lie. They taste somewhat like absinthe, though less bitter, but there the similarity ends.

Sex stimulants can be prepared with wines and liquors, however. One very popular sex stimulant used along the American frontier in the last century was a mug of hot water into which was poured a large slug of rum, and then a teaspoon or two of black gunpowder was added. One such drink was considered the maximum, and it did work.

The hot rum sootened and relaxed the drinker and loosened his — or her — inhibitions. Microscopic crystals which remained in suspension in the grog after the gunpowder dissolved irritated the urethra or urinary tract. This served lustily as an aphrodisiac which stimulated the sex processes.

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# → *DateLine: THE WORLD* ←

## Rome

**Gina Lollobrigida** canceled her trip to Moscow when the Illyushin IL-62 jet she was supposed to take off with was grounded by a bomb hoax.

"Somebody is trying to get rid of me," the sexstar groaned. "And I wish I knew who it was, so I could claw her eyes out."

## Madrid

**Omar Sharif** fell for the charms of a young gorgeous who couldn't have been more than 15 years of age, and only found out when the night was finished that the pleasure she gave him would cost him in the neighborhood of \$500.

What made it all so unbearable, as far as Omar was concerned, was the fact that the lovely had six strong brothers and cousins around to enforce Omar's payment . . . **Ava Gardner** launched into a violent attack against **Generalissimo Franco**, the fascist dictator that has been ruining Spain for the last 30 years. What caused all her friends to get upset was that she was ranting and raving in a bar that is usually frequented by the General's henchmen, and that what usually happens to anti-Franco agitators is a lifetime in jail.

## London

Rock music fans convened in Trafalgar Square to mourn the death of **Rolling Stone Brian Jones**. The 26-year-old musician died of an asthma attack while swimming in the pool of his farmhouse in nearby Ashdown Forest . . . **Dirk Bogarde** unleashed his mighty muscles and pulverized two thugs who attacked him in a dark alley as he was on his way home. The not-so-tough duo jumped the hand-

some movie star when he walked through the alley after a nite on the town. Before they knew what happened to them, Bogarde smashed them to moaning lumps of flesh writhing on the ground. They were still there when the cops Dirk had called arrived on the scene . . . **Anthony Bullfinch** and **Julie Christie** made up a torrid duo when they spent an evening at Ronnie Scott's club. While fellow guests gaped, the two made out so passionately, you could practically hear the blood pounding through their veins.

## Acapulco

**Anthony Quinn** danced till dawn with a bevy of beautiful armfuls, none of which looked like Mrs. Quinn who was languishing at home with the kids. But whether she knew it or not, she got her revenge, because just as the riotous nite was drawing to a climactic finale, Quinn tried to make time with the wrong gal. Her hubby was present, and he happened to be a very strong man who shoved Quinn into the nearest swimming pool with the greatest of ease. While onlookers roared with laughter, Anthony sputtered and floundered his way to solid ground.

## San Diego

**Mia Farrow**, who's been spending more and more of her time in some very strange places, fled in utter panic the other middle of the night, when two gals who looked tougher than most men staged a violent battle for her body and affections.

## Las Vegas

Things ain't what they used to be in Nevada's sin city. **Howard Hughes**, who now owns more than half the place, spread the word that he wants a clean city. Hookers now only command \$50 for doing what they used to get paid \$500 for.

ROMA BRANDT

## New York

Bloodshed was averted when **Gena Rowlands** spotted hubby **John Cassavetes** making out with a curvaceous blonde cutie in a local discotheque. Gena reared up from her table at the sight and stormed up to the couple, who were cooing and billing up a storm. But when Gena struck the first blow, the blonde's wig flew off her head, and the whole place broke into laughter . . . **John Wayne** spent all evening with a dark-haired unknown, dancing cheek to cheek, body to body, and mumbling words of love in her ear — and everybody agrees she didn't look at all like Mrs. Wayne . . . **Donna Reynolds** slapped **David Niven's** face when he got too familiar with her. It was a good thing, too, because just as she belted Niven, Mrs. Niven walked into the nite cub . . . **Peter Sellers** got so hemmed in by autograph seekers when he arrived at **Kennedy International Airport** that he fainted. Airport officials parted the crowd as swiftly as they could, knowing Sellers' life was at stake. Ever since the comedian had a heart attack, he needs plenty of air and no excitement.





# He Used His Couch as Love Nest... Psychiatrist Sexes 250 Gals!



Dr. Tyler Jennings (l) felt that a dose of sex would cure any problem. Jeannette Winters (r) disagreed

A person goes to a psychiatrist to get rid of his hangups, but if the psychiatrist is Tyler Jennings, 48, of New York, and the person is female, that doesn't usually happen.

In fact, the girl

usually leaves his office with more complexes than she came in with.

Because in the 19 years that Dr. Jennings has been practicing psychiatry he has seduced an estimated 250 clients!

The gross misuse of his profession came to light recently when Jeannette Winters, a 30-year-old model, came to him for help.

"I wasn't in the office for more than a half hour before he was claiming that what I needed was sex therapy to solve my problems with my husband," she told SPOTLITE.

"Imagine! I tell him that I have guilt feelings about committing adultery and he tries to get me to commit more."

Jeannette contacted the American Medical Society and asked them if this 'sex therapy' was standard practice among New York psychiatrists.

An investigation was immediately held and the A.M.S. found Miss Winters' charges to be true.

"Dr. Jennings refused to cooperate with us but we managed to get the names of several of his female clients over the past few months," a spokesman for a private investigation firm hired by the A.M.S. told SPOTLITE.

"In all but one of the cases, attractive women patients had had sexual relations with the doctor under the guise of medical necessity.

"Sex therapy does exist, but certainly not as Dr. Jennings uses it."

The doctor has had his license revoked by the A.M.S. but plans to protest the decision.

"I intend to prove that my having intimate relations with my patients gave me an understanding of them that I couldn't have had otherwise," he claimed.

"As a result, many of them

were cured and are now living happy lives."

The doctor talks impressively but it doesn't appear that his argument will hold that much water.

Eighteen of his clients are suing him for taking advantage of their bodies after being informed by the A.M.S. of their rights.

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# Sex Star Jim Brown Confesses:

## I Can't Keep My Hands Off Raquel!



by VIC SWANSON

"Sure I'm a Don Juan, a red-hot, passionate black lover-boy, but I'm no gigolo or sex bum," said ex-fullback turned actor Jim Brown.

"I'm the kind of a guy who'll always whistle at a girl if I like

her looks. And she doesn't have to be good-looking, either.

"Too many girls think they have to be glamorpusses to be chased by me. But they're wrong."

The former All-American married football hero paused for a moment, then shifted his six-foot-two, 230 massive pounds into a more comfortable position.

I had followed his amazing career with the Cleveland Browns and three years ago watched him capitalize on his athletic frame to make one of the most successful switches ever from sports to movies.

Like other football fans I had read the press accounts of his being charged — and acquitted — in assault and paternity cases in Cleveland.

And then, the more recent case in Los Angeles, when he was accused of throwing a model friend off his apartment balcony.

The model — Eva Bohncin — insisted she had only fallen.

But Brown was fined \$300 for punching a cop who was trying to enter the apartment.

People I talked to about Brown, told me he was mean and dangerous.

What would I find out about him?

"If he likes you," his public relations man advised me, "you will get along fine. If he doesn't, you won't get anything — simple as that."

We met in New York, where Brown was on business.

"I'll bet your editor told you I was a pretty tough hombre," Brown said, smiling, tinkling his third vodka and cola.

"And they probably also told you I had the hots for the chicks.

"Well, I have to admit it.

That's one of my problems, alright.

"Or, at least, it was until recently.

"Right now, I've got a real yen for one chick and one chick only.

"And that's Raquel Welch. "She turns me on like no other doll.

"I have to exercise all my self-control just to keep my hands off her all the time.

"But I think I know how to handle her — like I did when we filmed '100 Rifles.'"

The matching of Jim and

Raquel in the movie, "100 Rifles," was meant as an inspired union of two new Hollywood sex symbols.

Brown related with considerable glee one incident that happened during their filming of a big love scene:

"The camera was on her face, and so I had my head on the other side of her head.

"At first, I couldn't make head or tail of her.

"She seemed to be a bit frightened of me — or something — and more than once told me I oozed out far too much sex appeal for any one man.

"Well, this time, I thought I'd take the bull by the horns. "I stuck my tongue in her ear, and kept nibbling there.

"Raquel jumped up like she was shot, and whispered, 'Please, Jim, stop that, because you're ruining my makeup.'"

"I came up off that bed laughing because, man, that chick was just jiving.

"Actually, I had discovered that she was weak in the ear.

"Like most girls, there's positively nothing, but nothing, that will make a girl hotter than a man licking her ear.

"Just try it sometimes — and see for yourself!"



*I'm a red-hot, passionate black lover-boy," says 230 lbs. of All-American meat, "and Raquel turns me on like no other doll."*



**T**HE tax collector, Otto Schultz, a weasel among men, was suspicious. Because the fat peasant, Adolf Geiser, did not even make a face when he levied the tax. In fact, Geiser kept right on smiling.

"The only man who can smile when I levy my tax is one who conceals items that are taxable," Schultz said. "Therefore if you wish to avoid the Emperor's anger lead me to this treasure!"

"You have misjudged the cause of my smile, gouger of the peasantry," Geiser said. "I am smiling because I am thinking of my wife's boobs!"

"They are the most gorgeous in all Austria."

"Pish," Schultz said. "Even glorious boobs cannot make a man smile when the tax collector comes. Therefore I have a mind to have you tortured until you reveal the truth of your smile."

But this threat of agony did not diminish the happiness on Geiser's fat face.

"The truth," he said, "reposes on my wife's chest."

"Come, leech, and I will show you."

With reluctance born of suspicion, for the peasants of the Province of Salzburg are a tricky lot, Schultz went with Geiser to his tidy little thatched hut.

"Gretchen," Geiser wheezed, after his flaxen-hair frau, daughter of a Radstadt bartender, came into the kitchen, "Show this miserable messenger of the Emperor your boobs."

Gretchen blushed a little.

"Must I?" she said. "I hate to show my boobs to a gent I have never met before."

"You have got to do it," Geiser explained. "My health, because this vulturous exploiter of the poor doubts the source of my smile, is at stake."

Gretchen, a wife who had been trained in the good tradition, removed the garments which covered her boobs.

"Mein Gott!" Herr Schultz squeaked.

When he could say more he babbled, "Verily they are works of art. Such formations, such nipples. They are both nibbling and sleeping boobs, a rare combination."

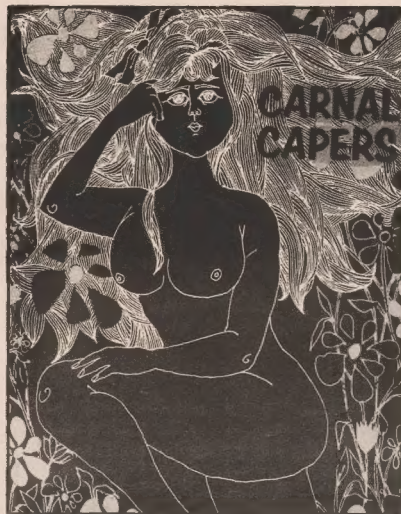
He told Geiser how much he envied him.

"Compared to these mammarian jewels the boobs I have known are mere bee stings," he said.

"Perhaps," Geiser said hopefully, "this exposure of Gretchen's jewels will be worth the reduction of a few shillings from the burden of my taxes."

"Mere money," Schultz said in the reverent tone of a priest at the altar, "should not be discussed in the presence of these masterpieces of the chest. Let us go outside for such dialogue."

He led Geiser behind the cow barn.



## A Very Stacked Story!

"Peasant," he said, "the sight of your frau's boobs has stirred my reproductive organ until I bid fair to bust."

"I have therefore conceived a proposition which relates both to her boobs and your taxes."

"Ja?" Geiser said, impatient to hear the essence of the tax collector's proposition.

"If you were to permit me to enjoy the solace of your wife's boobs I would tamper with the arithmetic of your taxes until they had virtually vanished," he said.

"You would be required to pay but the token required to keep my superiors from suspecting foul play."

"On the other hand," Schultz continued, "if you were to deny me those boobs, the arithmetic of your taxes would reduce you to the most abject poverty."

Geiser's fat face frowned as he thought of this proposition and while he pondered, the collector of taxes said, "Were you to reject my generosity, peasant, in addition to the unhappy arithmetic I would recommend that the Emperor's torturers stretch your arms and legs with four horses until you re-

vealed the source of your hidden wealth."

"But, Sir," Geiser squeaked, "as I have said, I have no hidden wealth. You saw with your own eyes that it reposes on my wife's chest."

"Then you would also have no arms or legs because by the time you convinced the enforcers of the truth of your allegations these limbs would have been torn from their hinges."

While Geiser conjured up a vision of himself minus his arms and legs, which was not a pleasant thing to contemplate, Schultz said, "Of course, such a calamity could be avoided if I were to suckle and burrow amidst your wife's boobs."

"I will speak of it to my frau," Geiser said with the misery of a man whose ears, so to speak, have been caught on a barbed wire.

He waddled to his tidy little thatched hut and explained the tax collector's extortion.

"Nein . . ." Gretchen said. "He looks like a boob biter."

"Visualize me, your husband, with no land and no arms and legs," Geiser pleaded, "and reconsider your decision!"

"Besides, he promises only to suckle."

Gretchen thought of her husband with no arms and legs, which would leave but one appendage, and it could do little without the others to transport and guide it.

"If he swears that he will not bite," she said, "I will permit that despicable leech to suckle my boobs."

Geiser waddled behind the cow barn and explained this condition.

"I will only suckle," Schultz promised.

"Then go and be done with it," Geiser said. "I will wait here in the shade."

An agonizing eternity later Schultz emerged from the thatched hut.

"Peasant," he said, "such boobs are worth more than all the taxes in Salzburg."

He tore and shredded the paper on which he had written the levy against Geiser and flung it to the chickens.

Before the fat peasant could express his gratitude, for the shredding of the taxes would save the fruits of many a sweating day, Gretchen emerged from the hut with a bulging satchel.

"What is the meaning of the satchel?" Geiser demanded.

"I am going with Herr Schultz," Gretchen said. "He suckles as you have never suckled."

And so the peasant who had been spared his taxes but lost his boobs wept and wailed and became, ere long, the greatest hater of tax collectors in the Empire of Austria.



# OUR READERS ASK...

Dear Spotlite,

I am having a miserable time of it. My wife isn't interested in sex at all. I'm lucky to get her into the mood once a week. Otherwise she is a nice enough person.

Do you think I have the right to take a mistress if my wife doesn't want sex? I can't keep going on like this. —H.P.

Ed.—I think that most people would say you had good reason to find sex outside your marriage. If you want to keep your wife for other purposes, go ahead and have some fun on the side.

Dear Spotlite,

I'm really worried. I think my husband has V.D. But he won't admit it. If he did, then I'd know he'd been whoring around.

But I would rather find out the truth. Otherwise I am going to be infected, too. Do you think I should suggest him going to the doctor? —L.M.

Ed.—I think you have every right to ask your husband to see a doctor. He should have enough concern for you to want to keep you "clean". Don't let his pride stop you. After all, your health is worth more than a little wounded ego.

Dear Spotlite,

I have been going with a man for about a year and a half now. Until recently he was fine. We had a very enjoyable sex life. I didn't think there were any problems at all.

But last week he made a disgusting proposal to me. He wanted me to have sex with him and a friend of his at the same time. I was completely shocked. He says I'm out of step with the times. Is he right? —C.A.

Ed.—I think that you are probably just a normal woman. Although there is a fairly wide practice of troilism (three in bed together), it is far from being universal. If you can't take this sort of thing you'll have to call it quits. Usually people who like their sex that way don't settle for less.

Dear Spotlite,

I think I'm in a fix. I live in a three-family apartment building in Brooklyn. The woman who lives upstairs is a good 55. My age is almost 24.

This woman has her eye on me and keeps trying to seduce me. I find it really disgusting. I've never heard of a woman that age carrying on the way she does. Sometime she stands on the stairs in her nightgown when I'm leaving for work in the morning.

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Is this normal? — W.K.

Ed.—"Normal" is a difficult word here. There are many older women who like young men. It is one way to beat the age game. Also, men of their own age are often on their way to impotency. But the woman may have stronger sex drives than ever. If you don't like it, discourage her.

Dear Spotlite,

I've been married for nine years now. We are a perfectly happy couple. But I feel the urge to date some other women on the side. This wouldn't affect the love I have for my wife. It would just give me a bit of variety in my sex life. Do you think this is wrong? —E.M.

Ed.—That all depends on what your wife thinks. If

she has no objections do as you choose. But remember that turnabout is fair play.

Dear Spotlite,

I am really worried. You see, I've had the same problem with every girl I've gone out with, and I've gone out with quite a few.

The only kind of sex I enjoy is painful sex!

So I don't really care whether the girl beats me or whether I beat her, but there's got to be a lot of screaming and yelling going around or I don't get turned on.

I'm a good-looking guy and it's no problem at all for me to get girls, but most of them run for their dear lives when they find out about my appetite for pain.

Are my desires normal? If they're not, what do I do? No other sex scene turns me on! —W.L.

Ed.—Your sex appetite is certainly not normal. It is probably the result of a deep-rooted violent upbringing.

ing. But don't think that you are alone in your problem — a lot of other people are suffering from pain fetishes. The best thing would be to consult a psychiatrist who would suggest certain ways to make you "turn on" to normal sex.

Dear Spotlite,

I'm just crushed. The other night I went to a nightclub with some friends. The singer was terrific, and after the show I asked her for a date. She accepted, and we had a great time. But I've just found out it isn't a her at all but a female impersonator. I'm madly in love with this creature. What can I do? —W.P.

Ed.—First you decide if you're queer or not. If not, look for a singer who swings the other way.

Dear Spotlite,

How can I get my boyfriend to marry me? I can't even get him to try to make me. He's a typical old-fashioned guy who believes in putting women on a pedestal. But I don't want that kind of thing. I'm sick and tired of his shy ways. Isn't there something I can do to get him over the hump from holding hands to having sex? —E.J.

Ed.—You could try to seduce him. But from what you say he sounds very determined to be "honorable". If you want to risk breaking up your relationship you can try the direct approach. Tell him you want some loving. It may frighten him away, but that can be better than waiting for nothing!

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# Fanny's Lost Her Granny!

*Fanny Gaylor, 19, of Detroit, Michigan, takes her granny for a stroll every Sunday afternoon. The striking brunette and her grandma make for the local beach, where Fanny splashes in the waves and granny takes the sun.*

*But last week Grandma Gaylor strolled a little too far and Fanny found herself granniless. What to do? Why, find her of course.*

*But Fanny hadn't gone too far before beady little eyes were watching the shapely miss' every bounce and wiggle. Said one oldtimer who was eyeing the plight of the young damsel, "Boy, they sure know how to stack them little girls nowadays. Makes me wish I could have a go at one of them."*

*Pretty soon the pert miss was surrounded by smiling oldsters ready and willing to give her a hand. In fact, they were so willing that the blushing Fanny was forced to make a hasty exit.*

*After all these obstacles, did Fanny find her granny? She certainly did, and in the strangest of situations.*

*Granny was making sand castles with a long lost male friend.*

*"Well, Grandma was always a mover," sighed Fanny with a shrug.*



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